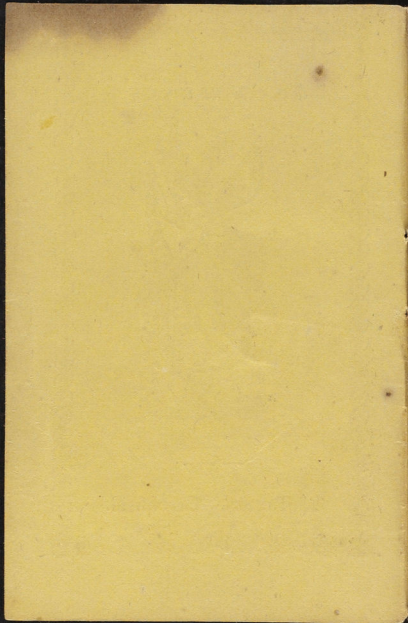


Jack Hasty.

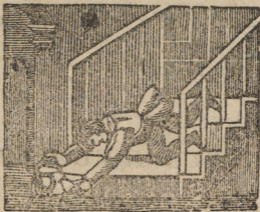


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A. PHELPS—Greenfield.



# JACK HASTY.



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GREENFIELD.

A. Phelps.

A B C D E F G H I J

K L M N O P Q R S

T U V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o

p q r s t u v w x y z &.

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*A B C D E F G H I J*

*K L M N O P Q R S*

*T U V W X Y Z &.*

*a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o*

*p q r s t u v w x y z.*

## JACK HASTY.

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**JECK HASTY** is a very impatient boy. Little difficulties vex and irritate him, and he often shows his vexation and impatience in very improper ways.

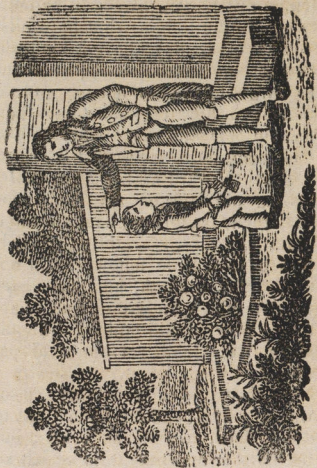
For example, sometimes when he is playing with his youngest brother, he gets out of humor with him, because the little fellow cannot understand easily, what he wants him to do. His brother is quite small, and does not think so quick as older boys; but Jack does not make any allowance for this; he flies into a



passion with him, instead of patiently explaining to him what he wants.

The other day, he got his little brother and another boy, just about as large, to be his horses, and he told them how they must go, when he said *haw* and *gee*. After he had told them, he would then drive them around the yard as fast as possible, calling out *haw* or *gee*, every now and then, according as he wanted them to go to the right or the left. But the poor little fellows could not think quick enough, and sometimes they would turn wrong, and sometimes they would pull off different ways, until Jack got out of all patience.

At last, he was coming up towards a tree, and he called out to them, *haw, haw, haw*, I say; but the boys went wrong, and he felt so vexed, that he struck at them pretty hard with his whip, and the little





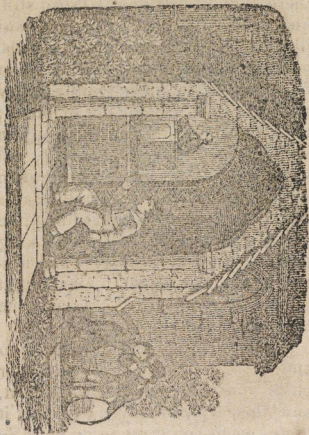
snapper curled round and struck his brother under the eye. He cried aloud with the pain, and their father came out to see what was the matter. I have not time to tell now what their father said, for I have more to say about Jack's impatience.

He would not only get vexed with his little brother, but sometimes with mere lifeless things. Once he got punished for it, or rather he punished himself; for, as he was *whittling* one day, trying to dig out a little boat he was making, he got out of patience with his knife, because it was dull, and after working and worrying away with it for some time, he threw his boat down, and struck the knife with all its force into the plank on which he was sitting. The knife stuck into the plank, but the force of the blow shut it up against his fingers, and cut them sadly. He was ashamed to cry however; so he

only held it in cold water, until it had done bleeding, and then bound it up himself.

Which is the worst, to get vexed with a knife, or with a little boy? It is hard to tell. It is perhaps, the greatest *folly* to get angry with a knife, and the greatest *wickedness* to be angry with a brother. The knife not only was not to blame, but could not possibly be to blame. Whereas the boy might have been inattentive; though, if he had been, that would have been no excuse for being angry with him, and striking him with a whip.

Boys very often get *put out*, as they call it, with what they have to play with, but oftener with one another; and I believe it is generally true, that the boy who does wrong most frequently himself, is most displeased with others when they do



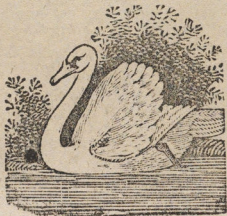
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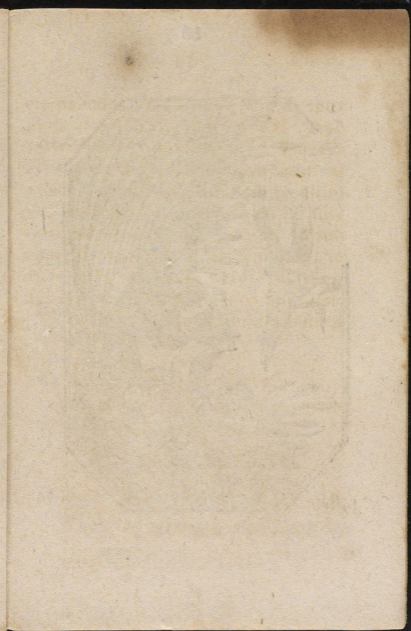
wrong. This is absurd enough, but there is one thing more absurd still, and that is, that a boy who is most likely to be careless about his tools, and playthings, is most always, when he comes to use them, getting angry with them, for being out of order; as if the fault was not entirely in him. Jack Hasty, for example, will throw his hat down any where, when he comes in, and then when he wants to go out again, in a great hurry, he will run all about the house looking everywhere, and scolding and fretting as if he thought his hat ought to go and hang itself up, when he throws it down.

I advise you Jack Hasty, to go and drive up a nail, in some proper place, and always put your hat on it, and then I presume you will find it there, when you want to go out. So I advise you to have a place for all



your things, and to keep them in order. When your knife gets dull, sharpen it; when your wheelbarrow is broken; mend it; and do every thing calmly and patiently, and there will be no occasion for your getting out of humor. But above all, never treat that little brother of yours unkindly. He likes to play with you, and you ought to do all you can to make him happy.









## THE STORK.

SEE the Stork, with labor tending  
Onward thro' the boundless sky,  
'Neath these aged pinions bending  
That had taught his own to fly.

Still his parent's burden bearing  
Patient on his trackless way,  
Ever for their comfort caring,  
Never wearied, night or day.

Father! when thy hand is hoary,  
When the eye is dim with shade,  
Will it be my pride and glory  
Thy declinging steps to aid?

Mother! when thy spirits languish,  
When thy strength and youth are  
spent,

Shall I love to soothe thine anguish,  
As thou o'er my cradle bent ?

Gentle, tireless, kind and tender,  
Shall I watch lest thou art griev'd?  
And the same affections render  
That I once from thee received ?

Filial lessons—sweetly given !  
May it not be lost on me,  
Lest this simple bird of heaven  
Should my just reprov'er be.



